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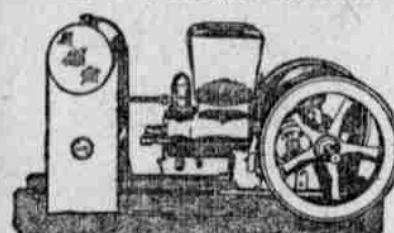
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J. W. DILLON,
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Open Evenings

Until further notice our store will be open every weekday evening.

Sundays 7.30 to 9.30 A. M., 5.30 to 6.30 P. M. only.

We are ready to supply you with Ice Cream in any quantity in any shape from cone to 500 gallons.

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Each eye is examined separately. Each lens is adjusted correctly.

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RANDOLPH.

Rev. Fraser Metzger Delivers Baccalaureate Address to Seniors.

The baccalaureate sermon before Randolph high school class of 1911 was given on Sunday evening in the Chandler Music hall by Rev. Fraser Metzger before a large audience. The music for the occasion was furnished by a quartet, composed of Miss Blanche Sparhawk, Miss Minnie Barbour, R. B. Clement and A. H. Beedle. The decorations were arranged with taste, and the occasion was a good beginning for the week of graduation exercises.

Miss Emily Stickey of Ludlow is with Mrs. Mary Goldsby, to remain till the middle of the week.

Miss Julia Cummings of Claremont, N. H., is at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Powers for a few weeks.

W. A. McIntosh went to Northfield Saturday, and will go from there to Montpelier to remain a few days.

Several cases of chicken pox are reported in town, but none of the patients is ill enough to be confined to the house.

News has been received here of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Rumliff, who are now living in Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. D. E. Goding of Malden, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. E. Holmes, for ten days, went to her home on Saturday.

The Randolph high school baseball team met the Lebanon team in a game of ball at McCall park on Saturday, and gained a victory, the score being 8 to 3.

It is understood that C. O. Osha has purchased the moving picture show business which has been conducted nightly in the garage and will continue as before, and will employ the present proprietor and his wife to operate the same.

At a meeting of the federated Sunday school on June 4, the following delegates were appointed to attend the convention at Brookfield on Thursday, E. A. Flint, Miss Rosette Flint, Mrs. Chesbro, Mr. and Mrs. Spooner and Mrs. Wright.

The Randolph Woman's Literary club held its luncheon and last evening for the season in the parish house on Saturday afternoon, with 38 members and no guests in attendance. An elaborate menu was served. Mrs. H. A. Leonard being chairman of the committee who prepared it. The quotations were humorous selections of the sayings of children. Mrs. Hale Flint also read a story, which added much to the interest of the occasion.

The Vermont Central Baptist association will meet in the Baptist church here on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. An interesting program has been arranged, and the following speakers are expected to be present and take a part: Mrs. M. E. Carr of West Virginia, Mrs. J. E. Case of Burnham, Rev. Ernest Holman, Rev. Guy Larnson of Boston, Rev. W. A. Davidson of Burlington, Rev. W. E. Braisted and Rev. J. E. Norcross. Wednesday evening, the 35th anniversary of the first Baptist church will be observed.

GRANITEVILLE.

Dance at opera house hall, East Barre, Friday evening, June 9. Dancing from 8 to 2. Music, Gauthier's orchestra. A good time assured everybody. Admission 75c, ladies free.

MUMMERY IN THE COMMONS.

"Black Rod" and His Antics in the English Parliament.

Many an American visiting the British house of commons has heard with astonishment the cry "Black Rod is coming!" and wondered what was happening.

"Black Rod" is simply an indication of the persistence with which our overseas cousins cling to a bit of antique mummery. Whenever in the house this cry is uttered the sergeant-at-arms springs to his feet, closes the doors leading into the lobby and turns the key in the lock. Having thus dramatically insured the commons against an attack, the sergeant-at-arms takes his position in front of a small window, where he listens to three raps on the door. Sergeant-at-arms then politely asks what is wanted and learns that Black Rod has a message to be delivered to the speaker and the commons.

Then when the door is opened an old gentleman in black is seen to come slowly into the chamber. On his queer old coat are three black rows; he wears black silk stockings and trunks; a black coat is held under one arm, and a short black rod, with a gold button at the end, is in his other hand. Black Rod is most ceremonious. He bows three times to the speaker and delivers his message, while the members of the commons put on their hats. Mr. Speaker and the commons are requested to enter the house of lords to listen to the king's assent to an act which has passed both houses of parliament.

Black Rod then bows to the speaker, walks backward step by step to the center of the house and repeats the salutation. At the door he pauses again and bows even lower.

Sergeant-at-arms swings his mace on his shoulder and follows Black Rod. Behind comes the speaker in his official robes. The members on the benches take off their hats and rise in their places. About half a dozen of them follow the speaker into the house of lords. The speaker raises his cocked hat thrice and salutes the lord chancellor. The message of royal assent is read and there is a further exchange of salutes.

The speaker returns to the house in solemn state, and the mace is laid on the table. The business of the commons is resumed without further interruption from the polite old gentleman in black.

This ceremony is, of course, a survival of the middle ages, when the house of commons found it necessary to protect itself against crown and lords. The door closed in the face of Black Rod, the negotiations at the wicket and the hats on the members' heads were signs of the jealousy with which the commons defended their legislative rights. The courtesies exchanged between Black Rod and the speaker implied the willingness of the two houses to confer peaceably together,—Harper's

SCIENCE IN BUSINESS.

The Way the Task and Bonus System Operates in a Factory.

The task and bonus system was introduced by me in the Bethlehem Steel works in 1901 as a means of affording substantial justice to the employee, while requiring him to conform to the best interests of his employer, says a writer in the Engineering Magazine. The employee was not told in a general way "to do better," but had a definite standard set for him and was shown how to reach that standard, for which he was awarded compensation in addition to his usual day's pay.

The system may be described in a general way as follows: A card is made out showing in detail the best method we can devise of performing each of the elementary operations on any piece of work, specifying the time needed for each of these operations as determined by experiments. The sum of these times is the total time needed to complete the piece of work. If a man follows his instructions and accomplishes all the work laid out for him as constituting his proper task for the day he is paid a definite bonus in addition to his day rate which he always gets. If, however, at the end of the day he has failed to accomplish all the work laid out he does not get his bonus, but simply his day rate. As the time for each detail operation is stated on the instruction card, the workman can continually see whether he is earning bonus or not. If he finds any operation which he cannot do in the time set he must at once report to his foreman, who must show him how to do it or report to the man who made out the instruction card. If the latter has made an error he must make out a new instruction card, explaining the proper method of working and allowing the proper time. If, however, the instructor contends that the work can be done in the time set he must show the workman how to do it.

COLORS AND VISION.

The Human Eye and the Mystery of Distinguishing Hues.

It is a curious fact that while there are seven colors in the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet—only three of them are primary—red, green and violet. That is to say, these three appear to be simple colors, while all the others may be produced by various combinations of these three. Red and green combine in certain proportions to produce yellow. In a different proportion the two produce orange. Again, green and violet combine to produce blue. It is said all shades of color are merely different combinations of the three primaries.

In keeping with this fact some of the ablest writers have held that there are three nerves, and but three, in the human eye—one to respond to the color red, another to green and yet another to violet. Other authorities present a different explanation. In the eye of the frog in the act of seeing there is a visible chemical action. There is a chemical substance exuded or spread over the retina or interior of the eye of the frog, called purpurine because of its purple color. Under the action of light this substance bleaches white.

Many today believe that the human eye has truly but a single optic nerve, for surgeons seem able to find but one. They hold, however, that in our act of seeing a chemical substance is exuded or spread over this nerve and that this substance has three different constituents, one element in it responding to the color red, another to green and yet another to violet. These latter authorities dispense with the three special optic nerves by providing our eyes with a threefold chemical substance. The act of vision and its effect upon the brain are one of life's great mysteries.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He Was Wise.

"Now," said the intrepid explorer after he had shown the guileless native the inside workings of the brass watch and had noted his naive wonder at the mysteries of the mechanism, "I will let you have one of these for two tasks; then you can be the envy of the whole tribe."

The native gentleman yawned. "I traded a secondhand warclub for a bushel of those things when I was at the world's fair in St. Louis," said he. "and there was not one of them that ran for more than a week. Got any chewin' about your clothes?"—Indianapolis Journal.

An Odd Habit Among Rooks.

Among the odd habits of rooks is the way that members of the same rookery have of intermarrying generation after generation. The males always choose their wives from among their near neighbors, and if one should be so bold as to bring home to his rookery a bride from a distance the other rooks will invariably refuse to receive her and will force the pair to build some way off. In the neighborhood of big rookeries outlying nests of this kind may always be found.

Silent For Once.

"Did your wife jump on you when you got home late last night?"

"No. For once I was in luck. The people in the flat next door were having a spat, and my wife was busy listening."—Kansas City Journal.

Somewhat Wooden.

A popular soprano is said to have a voice of fine timbre, a willowy figure, cherry lips, chestnut hair and hazel eyes. She must have been raised in the lumber regions.—Lippincott's.

Man cannot live exclusively by intelligence and self-love.—Mercier.

EAST BARRE.

Dance at the opera house hall Friday evening, June 9. Dancing from 8 to 2. Music, Gauthier's orchestra. A good time is assured everybody. Admission 75c, ladies free.

Barre granite quarries with about 150 acres quarry land for sale. Worth investigating.

CONQUERED AT LAST

By R. PEMBERTON SLADE

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When Mike Dugan left the courtroom for a two years' term in the Arizona penitentiary for horse stealing—the vigilance committee had missed him or he would have been hanged—he turned to Billy Stokes, who was responsible for his arrest, and said:

"When we meet again, Billy, it will be from behind a couple of guns. Two years behind the bars won't improve my already soured disposition toward you."

"I'll be ready for you, Mike, but I'm afraid you'll have to seek me in the city where I was born and brought up. I advised you long ago to stop monkeying with other people's property and go to work. If you had taken my advice you wouldn't have been about to do time for horse stealing."

The prisoner was led away, and Billy Stokes prepared to leave for the east.

Billy from childhood had been one of those boys who need a wider range than a city affords. While there was nothing bad about him, he was very unruly. Finally his father, feeling that his son would not make an ornament to civilized society, concluded to send him out among the cowboys and desperadoes. Billy found himself quite in his element and remained in the wild and woolly west five years. Then his mother couldn't stand her darling's absence any longer and begged him to come home. Her pleadings were reinforced by an offer of his father to take the boy into business with him if he would settle down, and this brought Billy round.

A couple of years passed, during which the young man had got on fairly well as a humdrum business man. He lived at home with his father and mother, the idol of both. Though he was fond of them, they might not have been able to keep him had it not been for a girl. At any rate, the three held him chained.

One night Billy, whose room was over the rear entrance to the house, heard a singular sound. It was like the turning of an auger in wood. It ceased and was followed by the sound of a saw. Both sounds were very faint, but Billy had fine ears, sharpened by his western experience, and he was satisfied that a burglar was at work at a rear door. His 42 caliber revolver that he had used in the west was in his bureau drawer, and taking it in one hand and an electric lamp in the other, after slipping on a dressing gown, he stepped downstairs and into a vestibule at the rear. There he could hear the sawing distinctly. An arm was put through a hole in the door, the key in the lock was turned, the door swung silently open, and the watcher saw the silhouette of a man entering the room.

A flash of electric light revealed the intruder's face, and at the same moment came the words "Hands up!" Being lighted and covered, the burglar obeyed the order.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Billy.

"Yes, I'm Mike Dugan, and I know that voice of yours. You're Billy Stokes."

"At your service. Now, I remember when we parted a couple of years ago you said that when next we met a pair of guns would be between us. You hit it right, but it's I who have the drop on you instead of you having it off me. I suppose your coming here is intentional."

"Yes. As soon as I got out I came here to find you. I concluded that the best way to cover my tracks with respect to the move would be to burglarize the house you were in."

"I see. You could murder me, and if you could make a successful exit without being known you'd get your revenge and go scot free."

"That's about it, Billy."

"But instead of revenge you'll get ten years this time."

"I don't care much. What can a man do who has once been convicted? Only my wife and kids are having a hard time of it with no one to take care of 'em."

"Yes, there's the rub. That's going to bother me in turning you over. I wouldn't mind sending you up again, but you know very well that I sympathize with your family."

"Couldn't you give me a chance to live honest?"

"What! Help a man who has come here to murder me?"

There was no reply to this. "Mike, you're a fool. I knew you before you took to the bad, and you were a good man, too passionate and revengeful, but I know how you loved your wife and kids, especially the boy you named for me. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a place in my father's business and enough wages to support your family. I know I'm a no; I'm not a fool. I'll bet my bottom dollar that within another year you will be living comfortably with your wife and children, the kids growing up to make useful citizens. What do you say?"

"Oh, Billy, what a dunce you are! You'd only get yourself into trouble."

"I'll take the risk. You're a better man than you think you are." Billy tossed his revolver on to a table. "Now fire away. You came here for revenge. Take it."

There was the thud of Mike's revolver as it dropped on the floor.

"Billy," he said in a trembling voice, "you're a royal flush."

A Dreadful Wound

from a knife, gun, tin can, rusty nail, fireworks, or of any other nature demands prompt treatment with Buckle's Arnica Salve to prevent blood poisoning or gangrene. It's the quickest, best healer for all such wounds as also for Burns, Boils, Sores, Skin Eruptions, Eczema, Chapped Hands, Corns or Fles. 25c at Red Cross Pharmacy.

STANDARD MEASURES.

The Old Bucket and the Half Bushel Basket Were Alike.

Farmer Giles had heard rumors of the short weight scandal; but, as for himself, he was honest in thought, word and deed. He was naturally incensed when an apple buyer from the city objected to his half bushel measure.

"I've used that red bucket five years," he said, "and I know it's correct." "A dozen years' use wouldn't affect its correctness," was the reply. "Have you any other reason for thinking it is correct?"

The farmer controlled his anger and after a moment's thought led his critic to the corncrib and showed him a basket woven from hickory splits. "That measure twice full fills this," he said. "And this holds exactly a bushel."

"How do you know it does?"

"Because Bill Sullivan made it, as he makes baskets for everybody, and he said it was a bushel."

Still the man was not satisfied. They went to interview Bill.

"Why, of course," said the basket maker, "I weave every one of them of an exact size. I make only one pattern basket to hold a bushel."

"But how do you know the pattern holds a bushel?"

"How do I know? I'm sure of it. I made it originally to hold two of this half bushel basket."

"And this half bushel basket?"

Bill frowned and pulled his hair in an effort to remember. Then his face brightened.

"Why, yes," he said, "I'm sure of it. I tried it one time, Giles, by that old red bucket measure of yours!"—Youth's Companion.

The Way to Bake Beans.

To make baked beans soak one and one-half plums small white beans overnight in soft water. In the morning drain and parboil, but not enough to crush the beans. Place in the bottom of a bean pot several slices of bacon (salt or fresh pork), then put in about half the beans, over which sprinkle salt, a heaping spoonful of brown sugar or New Orleans molasses, then more slices of the bacon. Over this place the rest of the beans, with the salt, sugar or molasses and bacon on top. Cover with soft water and bake at least eight hours, though they are better if baked all day. Add soft water as needed.

The High Hatbox.

If you keep your hatbox on a high shelf in a closet you may find the following suggestion worth trying: Silt open the two upright edges of one side of the hatbox, so that when the cover is raised this side will drop down as if on hinges. This will allow you to remove or replace the hat without taking the box from the shelf.—Harper's.

His Sincerity.

"I was surprised when I heard that Gimbrow had joined the church."

"I wasn't. I happened to be present when he and his business partner shook dice to see which member of the firm should join."—Indianapolis Journal.

RACE FOR A THIEF

Wild Chase Through the Streets in the Heart of London.

A DETECTIVE'S QUICK WORK.

The Police Officer Was Not Only Rapid Himself, but Compelled an Unsuspecting Bystander to Join in the Mad Flight and Capture.

In defending the London police from charges of incompetence a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine narrates an incident in which he figured a few years ago, when he accompanied his wife to a Bond street jeweler's, where she went in to match some pearls and have some gems reset, he awaiting her on the street, where he smoked his cigar. He says:

"I noticed three well dressed men go into the shop and several women, when suddenly one of the well dressed men came out through the glass doors of the shop and pushed rapidly past me as he turned up the street. At the same moment I was seized violently by the arm by a milkman who had been arranging his cans on his handcart just in front of the shop."

"Quick, governor!" he shouted. "After him or we lose him! Look; he's passed the bag to a pal!"

"Now, for the life of me I cannot tell you what impelled me. I'm not the kind of man that you can picture tearing up Bond street in the wake of an agitated milkman. But there was something in the grip that man took of my arm that impelled me, so that I threw away my cigar and ran after the man with the bag neck and neck with the milkman, who exhorted me to continue in my efforts by shouting:

"Throw a leg, governor! If we lose him we lose him forever!"

"We tore up Conduit street. I don't know what the passerby thought. I had no time to think of them. When we reached Regent street our quarry dived into the traffic like a frog into a mill race. We went in after him. How I missed being knocked down I don't know. The milkman took the same risks. We were across almost as soon as the man and sped after him. I don't know what streets we doubled down. I know that at this period it flashed across my mind that I was making a conspicuous ass of myself. Here I was racing down the slums of Soho at the bidding of a strange milkman, who never stopped in his exhortations to me.

"Keep it up and we'll get him!"

"Our quarry doubled and tacked, but we stuck to him till just as we were pacing down the very worst looking street of the lot he suddenly slipped into a low house, of which the door was open. My milkman never lost a second. He whispered hoarsely in my ear:

"Stop here, governor, and grab the first person as comes out of that house, no matter who he is! I know the way behind."

"In a flash he was gone. He had slipped down an alleyway and disap-

peared. I felt a real fool, and the whole folly of my action rushed in upon me. I had left my wife stranded in a shop in Bond street. I had lost my hat and my stick, and here I was in an almost deserted street, standing outside a door waiting with orders from a strange man to grab the first person that came out of it. In two seconds more I would have left the place and gone to the nearest hatter, a wiser and chastened man. But just at that moment a boy of about fifteen came out of the door. My milkman must have left his spell upon me, for I immediately threw my arms around him.

"Lemme go, governor!" he shouted. "I ain't done nuffin' to you!"

"He struggled hard, and the more he struggled the more I felt impelled to hold him. And then suddenly, as if by magic, two policemen appeared on the scene and seized my boy for me. My milkman, wreathed in smiles, appeared in the doorway from which the boy had just come, saying blithely and quite respectfully:

"You've done that very well, sir. We've got the other two inside." He then added, "I'll just put my hands over this young fellow."

"He took off the boy's battered hat, and out of the lining came a roll of £50 in Bank of England notes. He then went through the boy's clothes and produced out of his socks a pair of ruby and diamond earrings which, to my astonishment, I saw were the very gewgaws that my wife had taken with her to have reset. The detective, for my milkman was nothing less, then pinched the boy's ear and said:

"Where's the lady's bag?"

"In the yard, sir," he answered sulkily enough.

"The milkman retrieved it, and, sure enough, it was my wife's bag."

"But," I said to the detective, "how did you know that I was connected with the lady who owns this bag?"

"It's our business to know a few things," he said. "But if you hadn't been game to run we should have lost the lot. We were only just in time."

"We left the boy and the two men in the house in the custody of constables and took a cab back to Bond street, and here the strangest part of the story comes in. We found my wife still discussing her pearls with the jeweler, quite unconscious of the fact that her bag was gone."

The Diminutive.

At the age of three Janet was an enthusiastic student of entomology. One day she discovered a caterpillar for herself, a very tiny one. "Oh, come here!" she called. "Here's a caterpillar, the cutest little tiny thing! I believe it's a kittenpillar!"—Woman's Home Companion.

A Hard One.

"Of what famous novel are you reminded by the extra charge rich people are willing to pay for the privilege of riding on a special tier?"

"Gee, that's too continuous for me. What's the answer?"

"Vanity Fare, of course."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

We often hate for one little reason when there are a thousand why we should love.—Ellot.

QUALITY DOES IT

If we were to investigate the enormous increase in our business during the past year there is only one solution to be arrived at, and the answer can be put in two words: "Quality" and